In editing the text itself, described by Boehmer as *ganz miserabel überliefert*, Mr Johnson has adhered to the medieval forms of words instead of modernizing them as Canon Raine did when he published the treatise in his *Historians of the Church of York II* (Rolls Series 1886). He has improved on Raine's readings in a number of places, though in one instance (p. 105) his translation seems to be nearer to Raine's reading than to his own: Raine gives *acfensiolus;* Johnson gives *acsensio(ni)bus* and translates it as 'the fire-raiser'—which corresponds more to Boehmer's suggested emendation to *accensiolus*!

Certainly students and teachers of history will be grateful to the editor for this handy version of a fascinating text. They may feel that more explanatory footnotes would have given them even more cause to be grateful, especially in the sections on continental affairs and the manoeuvres around the papal curia; the events recorded here are not easily understood without a commentary. Also, I wonder whether the average reader will not be misled by the bare statement (p. viii): 'which resulted in the foundation of Fountains in 1138'. This may be technically the correct date, but in general acceptance the 'foundation' was six years earlier.

DONALD NICHOLL

GERSON AND THE GREAT SCHISM, by J. B. Morrall; Manchester University Press; 25s.

The subject is a great one, well-chosen, one might say; for in John Gerson (1363-1429), chancellor of Paris University, we have one of the most gentle, unprejudiced and sympathetic minds of the early fifteenth century, and in the Great Schism, which lasted from 1378 to 1417, we have a bitter crisis of conscience and belief which shook every Christian thinker and in terms of which the ecclesiology of the fifteenth century was moulded. As a part-Thomist with neo-platonic interests in Ockhamist Paris, and as one of those who pursued the debate about the relative positions of pope, council, cardinals and lay rulers in the Church in a way comparatively free of political interests, Gerson is well worth hearing on the ecclesiological struggles of his day. Both the virtues and the faults of his ecclesiology are the result of his pragmatism; while concentrating on the *aims* of church jurisdiction, and while appealing to the non-legal criteria of utility and 'equity' (epikeia) to ensure the fulfilment of these aims, he fails to work out any consistent theory of church government. If he is to be labelled 'conciliarist,' it is because he came gradually to see that, when there were two or three rival and obstinate popes, it was no use appealing to papal power to settle the quarrel. The head of the Church could not in this case cure itself, and therefore had to accept the help, and that meant the *de facto* and *de iure* emergency-superiority, of head plus members, which was represented *formaliter* by a council. Future conciliarism was to draw power from the fact that a council, at Constance, had ended the dreadful schism.

But Mr Morrall deals with this exciting controversy in a disappointing way. He repeats Gerson's own self-repetitions in different pamphlets ad nauseam, he does not spot-light the key issues, he lacks familiarity with the canon-law origins and aspects of the debate, without which some of the issues are barely discussable, and as a result he is very inadequate on the relations of Gerson to earlier and later conciliarism.

A better part of the book is that dealing with Gerson's life and his spiritual teaching; one sees how the Schism promoted new ideas in moral theology, such as those of 'invincibilis ignorantia', and of a 'via tutior' and 'probabilior' in case of perplexity about who was the true pope.

ANTONY BLACK

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER, by D. H. Lawrence; Penguin Books; 3s. 6d.

PHOENIX, the Posthumous Papers of D. H. Lawrence; Heinemann; 35s.

We must be thankful, in these times, for the deposit of an intelligent conscience. There can surely be no doubt that Lawrence's work is a more powerful moral resource than many another's even if he did run away with a married woman and write a notorious book. These two facts, along with some grievous misconceptions of what he stood for, make the sum of most people's information about him. They do not represent his life and work at all fairly. A writer's private life is not much our business, but the reissue of *Phoenix*, since it deals so much with moral themes and issues, offers a serviceable base and gauge in forming some estimate of the significance of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

It is a fact perhaps more about me than about it that I have never found the novel obscene or felt that it should be suppressed. This does not mean that I think it is a good novel. It is surely one of Lawrence's worst. My objections are not to the unprintable words or to the accounts of sexual intercourse. These do not seem to me offensive. They play an important part in establishing the delicately felt and presented relationship which the book is about. But the praise and the blame which it has come in for seems mostly never to make out what the real morale of the book is. A good novel unfailingly celebrates the triumph of life. The standards which Lawrence himself has set, or rather reaffirmed, in his finest fiction, force one to conclude that this novel ends in—*and endorses*—a total defeat of the human spirit. What the hero represents, unambiguously and unimpeached, is nothing but misanthropic disengagement from the human community. Human life, being social, is impossible outside the context of moral and political responsibility. That Lawrence at his best often brings this out, if sometimes with an eccentric accent, makes one that much more sensitive to how terribly he has defaulted here—and how, for once, he lies open to the gravamen of romantic anarchism. It is sad that he should now be so widely identified as the author of this one book.